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ARMCHAIR THEATRE

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REHEARSAL SCRIPT

"A MAGNUM FOR SCHNEIDER"

by

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55905

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BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE BOOK LIBRARY

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CAST

DAVID CALLAN:	Former operative in security, now a clerk. A basically kindly man, but with a high degree of skill and security. Good pistol-shot, and a cunning thief. The clash of the two interests has left him bewildered as a human being. Lower middle-class background. Age 35.
HUNTER:	Head of security section. Regular army in manner. Ruthless and well-mannered. Makes plans like a first-rate staff officer, which in fact he is, Age 50.
MERES:	Ex-public school, Etonian in manner, Fascist in outlook. An executioner who loves his job. Mid-twenties.
SCHNEIDER:	Ex-regular German army officer, now a gun-runner to the Indonesians in Malaysia. Big, bluff, charming, immensely competent. Fond of the good things of life. Age 50.
JENNY:	
SCHNEIDER'S MISTRESS	Very fond of Schneider. Pretty. Mid-twenties.
'LONELY'	A small, nervous crook, suffers badly from B.O. Specialises in obtaining firearms.
WATERMAN:	Callan's present employer. Wholesale grocer. Small, disappointed, waspish. Late 40's.
MISS.BREWIS	Callan's neighbour. Nervous, Lonely spinster in early 40's.
DET. INSP. POLLARD	C.I.D. Large, patient, cautious men. Pollard is 50
DET. INSP.GRACE	Grace about 40.

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SETS

HUNTER'S SECTION

Target Range - Long, narrow, converted room equipped with 'wind-in' targets for pistol shooting. Bench with pistols.

Room next to target range (Hunter's office) Small, compact, cluttered, with TV camera and closed-circuit television.

Callan's bed-sitter Poky, uncomfortable. Most of space occupied by war-game, tape-deck and radio. Curtained off wash-basin.

Corridor to bed-sitter with door to neighbour's flat.

Waterman's Office Outer office where Callan works. Small, uncomfortable. Cheap desk and chair. Door to Waterman's room. Matchboard partition.

Schneider's office One room. Big, comfortable. Desk, chair, filing cabinet, table for toy soldiers.

Schneider's Flat Outside corridor with window and drape curtains, and study combined L-shaped room.

Living- Room Big, restful, untidy. Big table used for war-game. Chest for soldiers. Drinks tray. Heavy relaxing furniture. The up-stroke of the 'L' is a study with desk and safe. Big draped windows. Door to bedroom and to hall. Bedroom between living-room and hall.

Pub in Soho (Section) - Big, busy, classless pub, used by many classes of people.

Telephone kiosk.

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INT. IAN HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

HUNTER SHOWS MERES PHOTOGRAPH OF CALLAN.

HUNTER: He'll be here soon. Have a look at him.

HE HANDS PHOTOGRAPH TO MERES WHO TAKES IT LOOKS.

MERES: He looks younger than I'd imagined him sir.

HUNTER: Soft, would you say?

MERES: I'm - not sure sir.

HUNTER: We'll know soon enough.

BEAT.

MERES: Colonel Hunter?

HUNTER LOOKS UP.

MERES: I understand Callan's a very good shot.

HUNTER: Oh excellent. Excellent (HE SMILES) Even better than you.

BUZZER SOUNDS THREE TIMES.

HUNTER: He's here. (BEAT) I'll go out to him. I don't want him to see you.

HUNTER GOES FROM OFFICE TO

INT. TARGET RANGE. DAY.

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CALLAN EXAMINING PISTOL. HUNTER DELICATELY PUSHES THE BARREL AWAY FROM HIMSELF.

HUNTER: Ah, C llan. Nice to see you.

CALLAN:Hallo.

CALLAN AND HUNTER WALK TOWARDS A BENCH PISTOL LAID ON BENCH. CALLAN RETURNS PISTOL.

HUNTER: I gather you're not too happy in your present employment?

CALLAN: How d'you gather that?

HUNTER: I asked. Veryboring job I understand.

CALLAN: You got it for me.

HUNTER: And that employer of yours - boorish.

CALLAN: A bastard. You picked him.

HUNTER: There isn't much choice for chaps like you when you leave me. I do my best of course - but your talents are so specialised. What can you do, after all - use a gun, use your fists, open locks. Legally, you're unskilled, Callan.

CALLAN: I'd have done better robbing mail trains.

HUNTER LOOKS UP AT HIM QUICKLY.

CALLAN: Joke.

HUNTER: Can you still use a gun?

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CALLAN: I think so. I haven't had any chance to find out, just recently.

HUNTER: Find out now.

CALLAN WALKS TO THE BENCH AND EXAMINES A VARIETY OF WEAPONS.

CALLAN: Tools of the trade, I used to like my trade.

HE CHOOSES A SMITH AND WESSON REVOLVER, CHECKS THAT IT IS FULLY LOADED, THEN GOES TO THE TARGET AND FIRES ONE SHOT.
(BOOM OF GUN IN ENCLOSED SPACE)

CALLAN: Damn.

HE FIRES AGAIN, THEN FOUR MORE IN RAPID SUCCESSION, HUNTER WINDS IN THE TARGET.

HUNTER: Two misses, four bulls.

CALLAN: I'm getting rusty.

HUNTER: You'll do. (BEAT) Better than wholesale groceries, eh Callan?

CALLAN: You want me back?

HUNTER: I didn't say that. You've always been a problem to us, old son. You fight well, you shoot well, you could always deliver the goods - but after all - what's my section for?

CALLAN: Getting rid of people.

HUNTER: Exactly. Bribery, frame-ups, deportation -

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CALLAN: And death.

HUNTER: If there's no other way - yes.

CALLAN: You're the judge and jury - and I was the executioner.

HE GOES TO THE BENCH AND CLEANS THE SMITH AND WESSON.

HUNTER: In the last seven years I've had ten people killed. You did two of them. (CALLAN WINCES AS HE CLEANS THE GUN) They all had to die, Callan. If they hadn't they would have killed too many innocent people themselves. That's what security is for - protecting innocent people.

CALLAN: I know that.

HUNTER: Of course you do. You worried about the innocent. I liked that. But you worried about the men you killed as well - and I had to let you go.

CALLAN ASSEMBLES THE SMITH AND WESSON, AND TURNS TO HUNTER.

CALLAN: Maybe I've changed.

HUNTER: Because of six months in a boring job with an unpleasant employer? I doubt it Callan. If you're soft, you're soft. Nothing can alter that.

CALLAN: Why did you send for me?

HUNTER: If you have changed, I want you back. But I have to be sure.

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CALLAN: Then we're stuck, aren't we?

HUNTER: No. There's a job I want done. It's urgent. Very urgent. You could do it very well - if you have the guts.

CALLAN: You want me to kill a man.

HUNTER: I want more. I want you to do it on your own. No help from the department - not even a gun. I want you to do the whole thing on your own.

CALLAN: Why?

HUNTER: I have to know you've changed, Callan. I have to be sure. Look man. This game I'm in is a war - and it never stops. People like you get battle fatigue, they crack, then they come back to me and say they're all right again. You look all right, but I have to be sure. In everything I do, every decision I make. And you are a very big decision. I want proof, Callan.

CALLAN: All right. Who is it?

HUNTER: He's a bad one. And he won't be easy to kill.

HE OPENS BRIEFCASE, TAKES OUT FILE, AND GOES OVER TO BENCH. CALLAN LOOKS AT FILE.

CALLAN: Red cover.

HUNTER: You remember my filing system?

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CALLAN: I still have nightmares about it. If a bloke joined the wrong party, you gave him a blue file. If he needed sueveillance he got a yellow one. If hewas dangerous, really dangerous, he got a red one - and sometimes he got killed as well. Your whole bloody world was in primary colours - and I got all the red ones.

HUNTER: You had a talent -

CALLAN: What's this one done?

HUNTER: Never mind. He's got a red file. And he won't be in London long. You'll have to be quick.

HE OPENS FILE, TAKES OUT PHOTOGRAPH.

CALLAN: Schneider?

HUNTER: You know him then?

CALLAN: Of course I know him. He's got the office across the hall to us - (BEAT) (HE TURNS TO HUNTER) Now there's a coincidence for you.

HUNTER: He has to die. You're the man for the job...Well?

CALLAN: What's he done?

HUNTER: That isn't your concern. Your business is execution and nothing else. I don't want your mind clouded with explanations. You always ask for reasons. That's what makes you weak. Never mind the reasons - just do as you're told. Schneider's in a red file. That's reason enough.

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CALLAN PICKS UP ANOTHER PISTOL, AND LOOKS AT IT.

CALLAN: This is a new one.

HUNTER: Japanese.

CALLAN: Any good?

HUNTER: Excellent.

CALLAN LOOKS AT THE NAME ON THE BUTT: NOGUCHI.

CALLAN: Noguchi.

HUNTER: Make up your mind, C llan.

CALLAN GOES TO RANGE, FIRES THREE ROUNDS, WINDS IN TARGET, THREE BULLS.

CALLAN: All right.

HOLD ON CALLAN. PULL BACK TO TWO-SHOT. CALLAN AND HUNTER.
PULL BACK FURTHER TO SHOW CALLAN AND HUNTER. OF TV SCREEN WATCHED BY MERES.

HUNTER'S VOICE: (FROM TV SCREEN) You have a week, Callan.

CALLAN PUTS DOWN THE NOGUCHI AND LEAVES. HUNTER WALKS OUT OF SHOT. DOOR OPENS. HUNTER COMES INTO ROOM WHERE MERES WATCHES.

HUNTER: Well?

MERES: He's damn good with a pistol.

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HUNTER: I know that, Meres. But will he kill Schneider?

MERES: I didn't like the way he kept asking questions. Why not leave Schneider to me?

HUNTER: Because Callan is a better shot - and a very resourceful young man.

MERES: Sir I....

HUNTER: Yes, yes of course, Meres. So are you. So are you. Besides, I have another job for you. I want you to watch Callan - and Schneider. See that nothing goes wrong. If Callan delays too much - you may have to kill the feller yourself.

MERES: And Callan, sir?

HUNTER: If you're as resourceful as all that - you can put the blame on Callan. Make it look like an amateur's crime. I don't want the section involved.

CUT TO:

CORRIDOR OF OFFICE BLOCK. DAY. CALLAN WALKS ALONG CORRIDOR.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) Be sure, Hunter says, and keep it simple. Simple man, simple pistol simple murder. Bang, bang.

ON THE WORDS 'BANG BANG' 2 TIGHT SHOTS OF MODEL SOLDIERS IN NAPOLEONIC COSTUME AIMING MUSKETS. PULL BACK FURTHER TO SHOW CALLAN STARING, OPEN-MOUTHED, AT SCHNEIDER, WHO HAS JUST DROPPED A BOX OF MODEL SOLDIERS NOW SCATTERED ACROSS THE CORRIDOR. SCHNEIDER BENDS DOWN TO PICK

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THEM UP. CALLAN LOOKS DOWN AT HIM.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) Fifty maybe. But hard with it. Good muscles. Carries a gun on his left hip and a red file he knows nothing about.

CALLAN BENDS DOWN, HELPS PUT SOLDIERS IN BOX.

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SCHNEIDER: You're very kind. I'm obliged to you.

CALLAN PICKS UP THE TWO STANDING SOLDIERS.

CALLAN: Rifle Brigade, aren't they? Wellington's men?

SCHNEIDER: Yes. (BEAT) Do you know this one, by any chance?

HE HOLDS UP ANOTHER MODEL SOLDIER.

CALLAN: The enemy - Polish lancer.

SCHNEIDER: And this?

ANOTHER SOLDIER.

CALLAN: The King's German Legion.

SCHNEIDER: My favourite, Mr....

CALLAN: Callan.

SCHNEIDER: Callan . (HE BOWS) I used to be a German. We fought very well for Wellington.

CALLAN: Right from the Torres Vedras - Talavera, Badajoz, Fuentes d'Onora -

SCHNEIDER: Do you by any chance also collect model soldiers?

CALLAN: Yes. I fight old battles with them. For fun.

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SCHNEIDER: So do I, Mr. Callan. It was a habit I picked up at military college. And you?

CALLAN: Military college? I was a Corporal. Twice. I just like playing soldiers.

SCHNEIDER: Twice a corporal?

CALLAN: I didn't get on with officers.

SCHNEIDER: I was an officer.

CALLAN: You weren't on our side, Mr. Schneider.

SCHNEIDER LAUGHS.

SCHNEIDER: I am a man people remember.

CALLAN: Yes. You are.

SCHNEIDER: I'm glad of it. You work for Waterman, don't you. (CALLAN NODS) Have you a moment? I would like to show you something.

CALLAN GOES WITH HIM DOWN CORRIDOR TO GLASS DOOR MARKED 'R. SCHNEIDER. IMPORTS AND EXPORTS'. THEY GO IN. ON A TABLE BY THE WINDOW MORE SOLDIERS ARE LAID OUT, INCLUDING HORSE-DRAWN ARTILLERY.

SCHNEIDER: (DRAWS CALLAN TO THE TABLE) Come. What do you make of this?

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CALLAN: The Rifle Brigade again. (SCHNEIDER NODS) Crauford's men?

SCHNEIDER: Excellent! Perfect! Amd in the middle?

CALLAN: The Chestnut troop of the Royal Horse Artillery. They marched all day to join Wellington at Talavera.

HE PICKS UP THE GUN-CARRIAGE.

CALLAN: It's beautiful.

SCHNEIDER: Such a word for an Englishman to use. (HE TAKES THE GUN-CARRIAGE FROM CALLAN) They marched forty miles in 20 hours in Spain. At the height of summer. One hundred and sixty years ago - when the men were like gods.

AS HE SPEAKS CALLAN NOTES THE BURGLAR-ALARM WIRE ON THE WINDOW, THE LOCK ON THE DOOR.

SCHNEIDER: Were you in the army, Mr. Callam?

CALLAN: Yes.

SCHNEIDER: I also. But playing soldiers is better. Here it is all brilliance and triumph and splendour - no blood. I do not care for blood, Mr. Callan. Not any more.

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CALLAN: Nor me. (LOOKS AT WATCH) Look, I'm sorry Mr. Schneider, but I really should get back to work.

SCHNEIDER: Of course, of course. I'm a capitalist myself. It is alright you should be exploited. But come and see my soldiers again.

CALLAN: Thanks.

SCHNEIDER REPLACES THE GUN-CARRIAGE. CALLAN GOES TO HIS OWN OFFICE. WATERMAN STANDS THERE, WATCH IN HAND.

WATERMAN: And what time is this, may I ask?

CALLAN: (SIGHS) Five past two.

WATERMAN: And what time does your lunch hour terminate?

CALLAN: Two o'clock.

WATERMAN: There are only the two of us. My place is in there - (HE POINTS TO AN INTERIOR DOOR) - not waiting in the outer office for my assistant to honour me with his presence.

CALLAN: Yes, Mr. Waterman.

WATERMAN: And what does that mean:

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CALLAN: It means you do belong in there, Mr. Waterman, and I belong out here because I'm a peasant.

WATERMAN: You are, you are indeed. I'd like the Owen invoices completed by this evening please.

CALLAN GOES TO DESK, BANGS DOWN INVOICES.

CALLAN: You can have them now.

WATERMAN: You can be industrious, when you do come to work.

CALLAN: That's the peasant in me. I know nothing but toil. I thrive on curses. Kindness is beyond my understanding.

WATERMAN: Then it's just as well I employ you, isn't it? I'd like the Johnson Stores Account for tomorrow morning.

CALLAN KNUCKLES HIS FOREHEAD AS WATERMAN GOES INTO HIS OFFICE. THROUGHOUT IT SHOULD BE OBVIOUS THAT THE TWO MEN DETEST EACH OTHER.

CALLAN SITS AT HIS DESK AND BEGINS TO COPY OUT A VAST ARRAY OF FIGURES.

CALLANS VOICE: (SOV) Schneider seemed all right. It should be W terman had the red file. Little rat. Mean, greedy, vicious. Schneider's big, easy-going, confident.

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CALLANS VOICE:(SOV) (CONTD.) Makes him happy. I liked his laughter. But he carries a gun. And he's got a damn good burglar alarm. That lock on his door won't blow open, either. I wonder what in hell he's done?

SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS. CALLAN GOES TO DOOR, OPENS IT VERY SLIGHTLY.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORRIDOR (DAY)

DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR POLLARD AND DETECTIVE-SERGEANT GRACE WALK TO SCHNEIDER'S OFFICE, KNOCK AT DOOR. SCHNEIDER APPEARS.

SCHNEIDER: Yes?

POLLARD: Mr. Schneider? Rudolf Schneider?

SCHNEIDER: Yes?

POLLARD: I'm Detective- Inspector Pollard. This is Detective Sergeant Grace. We'd like to talk to you please.

SCHNEIDER: By all means.

HE MAKES NO MOVE.

POLLARD: May we come inside, sir? It's - rather confidential.

SCHNEIDER: Secrets? You want to tell me secrets?

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HE GOES INSIDE.

CUT TO:

INT. WATERMAN'S OFFICE

CALLAN LOOKS AT WATERMAN'S DOOR, THEN OPENS MAIN OFFICE DOOR.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHNEIDER'S OFFICE

POLLARD AND GRACE LOOK AT MODEL SOLDIERS - SCHNEIDER STANDS BESIDE THEM, HOLDING GUN-CARRIAGE.

SCHNEIDER: A hobby. It may seem a little childish to you, gentlemen, but hobbies have that effect on grown men. Sit down, won't you?

THEY SIT.

SCHNEIDER: What do you want to tell me?

POLLARD: Nothing, sir. It's more like ask you, really.

SCHNEIDER: You want my secrets?

POLLARD: Yes sir.

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SCHNEIDER: Remember I'm a business man, inspector.

POLLARD: What exactly is your business sir?

SCHNEIDER: I import and export.

POLLARD: What?

SCHNEIDER: Anything. Anything at all - that I can buy cheap and sell dear.

GRACE: Where sir?

SCHNEIDER: Which? The buying or the selling?

GRACE: Both sir.

SCHNEIDER OPENS TWO DESK DRAWERS - SCATTERS GREAT HEAPS OF INVOICES ON THE DESK-TOP.

SCNEIDER: See for yourself. (PICKS UP INVOICES AT RANDOM) Chile, Switzerland, Canada, Morroco, South Africa, Portugal, Monaco - anywhere at all, my dear chap. (HE LOOKS AT THE PILE OF INVOICES) Excuse me. I am a very untidy fellow.

GRACE: Did you ever export to the Indonesian Republic sir?

SCHNEIDER: I think not. It will take me a while to check - if only I had a system.

POLLARD: Ever import from Japan sir?

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CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR (DAY)

CALLAN LISTENS AT SCHNEIDER'S DOOR.

SCHNEIDER'S VOICE:(VERY FAINT) Oh, yes, all the time.

GRACE: What exactly sir?

SCHNEIDER: Motor-bicycles. Transistor radios. Cameras. And novelties.

GRACE: Novelties?

SCHNEIDER: Ah. Now I understand. You think I import pornographic novelties. No, no gentlemen. It is all simple vulgarity - for the Christmas trade (BEAT)

SOUND OF RASPBERRY. SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS. CALLAN WALKS OFF DOWN CORRIDOR.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHNEIDER'S OFFICE. (DAY)

GRACE: (HANDING BACK WHOOPEE CUSHION TO SCHNEIDER) Did you ever deal with a firm called Noguchi of Yokohama?

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SCHNEIDER: What do they sell, sergeant?

POLLARD: Guns.

SCHNEIDER: Atomic-ray guns? Cowboy pistols?

GRACE: Real guns sir. Rifles, machine-guns, pistols.

SCHNEIDER: How could I sergeant? Where could I take them to?

POLLARD: Hong Kong sir. Under bond.

GRACE: The Hong Kong police think you do sir.

SCHNEIDER: You have come to arrest me?

POLLARD: No sir. (HE RISES) This is just a little talk. Nothing official.

SCHNEIDER: Of course. That is why you bring a witness. (HE LAUGHS)

POLLARD: Time you stopped it. You're too well known.

GRACE: They'll get you next time, Mr. Schneider.

POLLARD: And they'll put you down for ten years. You just remember that.

THEY GO TO THE DOOR. AS THEY LEAVE, SCHNEIDER AGAIN DEFLATES THE WHOOPEE CUSHION, AND LAUGHS.

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CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

POLLARD AND GRACE LEAVE. CALLAN FOLLOWS THEM DOWN CORRIDOR, GOES INTO HIS OWN OFFICE.

CUT TO:

INT. CALLAN'S OFFICE. (DAY)

CALLAN SEATS HIMSELF AT DESK JUST BEFORE WATERMAN COMES OUT.

WATERMAN: I'm going round to see Mr. Owen.

CALLAN: All right.

WATERMAN: I may not be back.

CALLAN: I'll try not to let it get me down.

WATERMAN: I want that account on my desk before you leave.

CALLAN: Jawohl, Herr Obergrupenfuhrer.

WATERMAN GOES, CALLAN WAITS FOR THE DOOR TO BANG, AND GOES ON WITH HIS WORK, FINISHES, LOCKS DOOR FROM INSIDE, THEN DIALS A NUMBER - A LONG ONE. A WOMAN'S VOICE ANSWERS:

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WOMAN'S VOICE: Yes?

CALLAN: Can I speak to Charlie please?

WOMAN'S VOICE: Who's speaking?

CALLAN: My name's Callan. Tell Charlie I must speak to him - urgent. About a friend of ours. The one in red.

WOMAN'S VOICE: He prefers to call you, Mr. Callan. Does he have your number?

CALLAN: Yes. Tell him to make it quick.

HE HANGS UP. LIGHTS CIGARETTE. HIS PHONE RINGS.

CALLAN: Waterman's Ltd.

HUNTER'S VOICE: You do sound professional. What's wrong?

CALLAN: You are. You can stuff your job.

HUNTER'S VOICE:
What on earth's the matter?

CALLAN: Your German friend - the bogeys are after him.

CUT TO:

INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. (DAY)

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HUNTER AT PHONE. MERES HAS ANOTHER EAR-PIECE.

HUNTER: Really?

CALLAN'S VOICE: Yes really. And if they're having him watched..I haven't a hope in hell. Or is that what you had in mind?

HUNTER: No. If you do this job - I want you back.

CALLAN'S VOICE: Not with the police on to me.

HUNTER: Callan, for heaven's sake. You've handled the police before.

CALLAN'S VOICE: Not if it's a rush job.

HUNTER: Very well. I'll find out what's happening. But stay on this. It's very, very urgent.

CALLAN: (BEAT) All right.

HE HANGS UP.

HUNTER: (PRESSES DICTAPHONE) Get me Scotland Yard, will you. Superintendent McIvor.

SECRETARY'S VOICE: Yes sir.

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HUNTER: This could be a nuisance.

MERES: Yes sir. (BEAT) Callan seems rather wary of the police.

HUNTER: He has good reason. So've you, Meres. They have excellent memories and remarkable patience.

THE PHONE RINGS.

HUNTER: McIvor? Hunter. Just hold on a moment, will you? (HE COVERS MOUTHPIECE AND TALKS TO MERES) Go and keep an eye on Callan, will you? I'd like to know what he gets up to.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB. (DAY)

PUB IS IN OR NEAR SOHO. VERY MIXED CLIENTELLE. VERY BUSY AND NOISY. CALLAN GOES UP TO A MAN AT THE BAR, PUTS A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER. THE MAN, LONELY, JUMPS, SPILLS BEER AND TURNS ROUND WARILY.

LONELY: I don't think that's very funny, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: I do. What'll you drink?

LONELY: Large Scotch and water.

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CALLAN: (TO BARMAID) Large Scotch and water and a pint of bitter.

LONELY: I haven't seen you im months, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: I've been resting.

LONELY: You back at work now?

CALLAN: Yes.

LONELY: I regret this very much, Mr. Callan, but I'm not at liberty myself. I get a lot of odd jobs piling up -

CALLAN: I'm not looking for an assistant, Lonely.

HE REACHES OUT AND PAYS FOR BEER AND WHISKY, TAKES THEM OVER TO A TABLE. LONELY FOLLOWS. CALLAN GIVES HIM THE BEER.

CALLAN: Cheers. (HE DRINKS)

LONELY: Scotch gives me heartburn, anyway. (HE DRINKS, MOVES CLOSER TO CALLAN) What can I do for you then?

CALLAN: God. No wonder you're called Lonely. Don't you ever take a bath?

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LONELY: We been through all that before, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: You stink, d'you know that?

LONELY: Mr. Callan, please I.....

CALLAN: Lonely, you're a one-man sewage farm.

LONELY TRIES TO GET UP.

CALLAN: Finish your beer.

LONELY: I don't like insults, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: Take a bath then. (LONELY STANDS UP) Don't get me mad, Lonely. (LONELY SITS) I'm in the market.

LONELY: What for?

CALLAN: A gun.

LONELY: What sort?

CALLAN: 38 revolver.

LONELY: How many bullets?

CALLAN: Ten - twenty.

LONELY: A hundred quid.

CALLAN HANDS HIM AN ENVELOPE.

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CALLAN: I must be psychic.

LONELY HOLDS THE ENVELOPE UNDER THE TABLE, AND COUNTS FIVERS.

LONELY: Just right, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: That's the way I want the gun.

HE FINISHES HIS WHISKY.

CALLAN: Bring it to my house, Lonely. Flat 3, Stanmore House, Duke William Street, Bayswater. Got it?

LONELY: Flat 3, Stanmore House, Duke William Street, Bayswater.

CALLAN: And don't write it down.

LONELY: (BITTERLY) I can't write, Mr. Callan. You know that.

CALLAN RISES, AND GRINS.

CALLAN: Make it quick. I'm in a hurry. And buy some soap before you come. You've got the money.

HE GOES. LONELY EXTRACTS A FIVER AND GOES TO THE BAR. ANOTHER MAN MOVES IN BESIDE HIM. IT IS MERES.

INT. CORRIDOR. (EVENING.)

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CALLAN IS OUTSIDE SCHNEIDER'S OFFICE. HE BREAKS IN. THIS IS A FAIRLY LONG, COMPLICATED PROCESS, INVOLVING THE SEARCH FOR A BURGLAR ALARM, AND THE CONQUEST OF A DIFFICULT LOCK. TO ACHIEVE THIS, CALLAN USES A KIT OF BURGLAR'S TOOLS, KEPT IN A LARGE LEATHER WALLET. DOOR OPENS.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHEIDER'S OFFICE. (EVENING)

DOOR SWINGS OPEN.

CALLAN: (SOFTLY) Schneider. You there, old love?

HE ENTERS SCHNEIDER'S ROOM, THEN BEGINS TO SEARCH IT, USING BURGLAR'S TOOLS TO OPEN DESK DRAWERS. HE TAKES OUT THE PILES OF INVOICES THAT SCHNEIDER HAD PRODUCED, EXAMINES THEM, PUTS THEM BACK, EXAMINES DESK-TOP, FILING-CABINET - WHICH IS UNLOCKED. HE FEELS BEHIND THE CUSHION OF SCHNEIDER'S DESK CHAIR, AND PRODUCES A LONG, NARROW KEY. HE LOOKS ROUND THE OFFICE. THERE IS NOTHING IT WILL FIT. HE PUTS IT IN HIS POCKET. CALLAN GOES OVER TO THE TABLE WITH MODEL SOLDIERS, STUDIES THEM, PICKS UP GUN-CARRIAGE, SHAKES IT. A VERY FAINT RATTLE. CALLAN LOOKS DOWN BARREL OF GUN, INSERTS A THIN-BLADED KNIFE, PULLS. A STUB OF PENCIL FALLS OUT. CALLAN PICKS IT UP, LOOKS AT IT. THE NAME NOGUCHI IS ON THE PENCIL.

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CALLAN: Yes sir, Colonel Sir. (HE LOOKS AT THE KEY AGAIN) What the hell does this fit? Nothing in here. (HE LOOKS ROUND, THEN PUTS KEY IN HIS POCKET) But Noguchi - Colonel Hunter knows all about Noguchi.

HE PUTS THE PENCIL STUB BACK IN THE GUN BARREL.

CUT TO:

INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE (EVENING)

HUNTER WITH MERES

HUNTER: He gave this man money?

MERES: Yes sir. Rather a lot. Five pound notes.

HUNTER: Did this feller smell?

MERES: He stank, sir.

HUNTER: Callan's going to get a gun.

MERES: That means he's going to go on with it.

HUNTER: I hope so Meres. I hope so (BEAT) The Hong Kong police are on to Schneider. They got Scotland Yard to visit him - give him a warning. Easiest way for them - frighten him off. Trouble is - Schneider's made a hell of a lot of money. Even if he is frightened off, there'll be others. And if he isn't - all he's got to do is take delivery somewhere else. He's killed enough people already.

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MERES: Now it's his turn to die.

HUNTER LOOKS UP AT HIM, QUICKLY, THEN AWAY.

HUNTER: So long as Callan gets on with it.

MERES: You think he should have a reminder sir?

HUNTER: No. He should have got one by now.

CUT TO:

EXT. CALLAN'S FLAT. (NIGHT)

CALLAN COMES UP, SEES LEAFLET STUCK IN DOOR, PULLS IT OUT. IT'S A SOAP-AD. HIS NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOUR. MISS BREWIS APPEARS. SHE TAKES A SIMILIAR SOAP-AD FROM HER DOOR, TURNS TO CALLAN.

MISS BREWIS: Good evening, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: Evening.

MISS BREWIS: You've got one too, I see. What are they giving away this time?

CALLAN: Plastic goldfish.

MISS BREWIS: How extraordinary.

CALLAN: No food, no mess, no drama. They don't live, so they can't die.

MISS BREWIS LOOKS AT HIS LEAFLET.

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MISS BREWIS: There's a red spot on the corner of yours, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: Yes, I noticed.

MISS BREWIS: I wonder what that means?

CALLAN: It means I get a chance for the bonus if I want to take it. Good night, Miss Brewis.

MISS BREWIS: Good night, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN CRUMPLES UP HIS LEAFLET, OPENS FLAT DOOR AND GOES INSIDE.

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT (NIGHT)

CALLAN SWITCHES LIGHT ON, TAKES OFF COAT, EXAMINES LEAFLET AGAIN.

CALLAN: All right. All right. I get the message.

HE BURNS THE LEAFLET, TAKES OUT KEY FROM SCHNEIDER'S OFFICE, LOOKS AT IT, REPLACES IT, TAKES TELEPHONE BOOK, LOOKS UNDER N'S.

CALLAN: (READS) Nobes, Noel, Nogara, Nokes, Nolleson.

HE LETS TELEPHONE BOOK FALL. PHONE RINGS,

WOMAN'S VOICE: Callan?

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CALLAN: That's me.

WOMAN'S VOICE: Charlie wants to speak to you.

CALLAN: Put him on.

CUT TO:

INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. (NIGHT)

HUNTER: Did you get my message?

CALLAN'S VOICE: Yes.

HUNTER: And?

CALLAN'S VOICE: I'm going on with it - If you get those rozzers off my back.

HUNTER: Yes. I can guarantee that.

CALLAN'S VOICE: What were they after?

HUNTER: Does it matter?

CALLAN'S VOICE: Of course it matters. Suppose they don't hear about your guarantee?

HUNTER: They've been told already. Just do your job (BEAT) Well?

CALLAN'S VOICE: All right.

HUNTER: When?

CALLAN'S VOICE: The sooner the better. I'll let you know.

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HUNTER: Good man.

HE HANGS UP. PRESSES DICTAPHONE.

HUNTER: Get me Superintendent McIvor again, will you?

CUT TO:

INT. CALLAN'S FLAT (NIGHT)

CALLAN IS EXAMINING A SMALL COLLECTION OF MODEL SOLDIERS, (CIVIL WAR) ARRANGED FOR BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA. RING AT DOOR-BELL. CALLAN HOOKS ON CHAIN ACROSS DOOR, OPENS IT SLIGHTLY.

CALLAN: Oh, it's you.

OPENS DOOR. LONELY IS OUTSIDE.

LONELY: Got a parcel for you.

CALLAN: Thanks.

HE TAKES PARCEL. MISS BREWIS COMES OUT OF HER FLAT. SHE CLOSES DOOR AND TESTS TO MAKE SURE IT'S SHUT.

CALLAN: Here.

HE GIVES LONELY HALF A CROWN.

LONELY: Oh. Thanks very much.

CALLAN: You're welcome, Squire.

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LONELY GOES.

MISS BREWIS: One can't be too carefull, Mr. Callan. So many thieves about.

CALLAN: You're so right, Miss Brewis.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB. DAY.

CALLAN HAS A BEER AND A SANDWICH. IT IS LUNCH-TIME. CALLAN IS READING A TRADE DIRECTORY, OPEN AT NOGUCHI, BOOKS SHOWS PICTURE OF SMALL ARMS, INCLUDING A 38 MAGNUM PISTOL. HUNTER APPEARS AND SITS BESIDE CALLAN. HE HAS A SCOTCH AND SODA.

CALLAN: Hallo Charlie.

HUNTER: So now you know.

CALLAN: I'm to kill him because he's a smuggler?

HUNTER: His guns killed a lot of good men, Callan.

CALLAN: Where?

HUNTER: Never mind. He's leaving in a couple of days. There isn't time for reasons.

A MAN SITS AT NEXT TABLE.

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CALLAN: (MORE SOFTLY) What about the rozzers? Do they know what he's done?

HUNTER: They won't interfere. Did you get a gun?

CALLAN: Yes.

HUNTER: Then hurry up and use it - and let me know when.

CALLAN LOOKS AT THE PEOPLE NEARBY. ONE IS MERES. HE WEARS GLASSES. CALLAN FINISHES BEER AND RISES.

CALLAN: I'll be in touch.

CORRIDOR SCHNEIDER'S FLAT

CURTAIN WITH DRAPES. WINDOW CLEANER AT WORK BEHIND CURTAIN. SCHNEIDER AND GIRL, JENNY, LEAVE FLAT. SOUND OF LIFT. WINDOW OPENS. CALLAN - THE WINDOW-CLEANER - CLIMBS THROUGH, GOES TO SCHNEIDER'S DOOR.

EXT. FLAT. FRONT DOOR. (EVENING)

CALLAN, WEARING GLOVES, USES SPECIAL KEY FROM SCHNEIDER'S OFFICE TO OPEN DOOR.

CUT TO:

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INT. SCHNEIDER'S FLAT (NIGHT)

CALLAN ENTERS, PRODUCES PENCIL TORCH, AND SEES SAFE. NOTICES WIRE FROM SAFE, FINDS METER BOX, DISCONNECTS ELECTRICAL SYSTEM, APPROACHES SAFE, TAKES OUT TOOL KIT, PREPARES TO OPEN IT.

CALLAN: (PUTS STETHOSCOPE TO DOOR OF SAFE) Cough please. And again.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V) (HE CONTINUES TO WORK).....This safe's too easy. Schneider's careless. You can see that the way he keeps his office. Waterman would fire him in a week. Break Schneider's heart that would. Now then.

HE TURNS SAFE DOOR HANDLE, THEN LOOKS AT OPEN END.

Hey. How about that? You're no mug, are you, Mr. Schneider?

CAREFULLY HE EXAMINES ANOTHER BURGLAR ALARM, THEN OPEN THE SAFE.

(SAFE DOOR SWINGS WIDE) Money, money, money. He must have 20,000 quid in here (HE FLICKS THROUGH PAPERS) Noguchi - Noguchi - Noguchi. Good steady customer, Mr. Schneider (LOOKS AT BANK STATEMENTS) National Bank of Indonesia. 3,000, 3,000, 6,000.Indonesia.

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HE LOOKS IN SAFE AGAIN. BRINGS OUT NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS. THEY ALL RELATE TO THE DEATH OF BRITISH SERVICEMEN IN MALAYSIA. HEADLINES LIKE. 'RUNNING BATTLE WITH INDONESIAN INVADERS' ETC.

Congratulations, Schneider old man. You're doing a marvellous job. I like you - and I'm going to have to kill you.

HE PUTS EVERYTHING BACK, RECONNECTS ALARM IN SAFE, SHUTS SAFE.
HE SEES ANOTHER BURGLAR ALARM, SMILES TURNS, TO FACE LIVING AREA.

THIS IS DOMINATED BY A HUGE TABLE ON WHICH THE BATTLE OF MONS IS LAID OUT.

CLOSE SHOTS OF SOLDIE .S WITH WEAPONS IN THEIR HANDS.

HOLD ON GERMAN OFFICER WITH PISTOL.

HE LOOKS ROUND THE ROOM, OPENS UP A GREAT CHEST FULL OF MODEL SOLDIERS. HE HANDLES SOME OF THEM CAREFULLY, PARTICULARLY SOME EXQUISITE MODELS OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. CALLAN WHISTLES SOFTLY 'JOHN BROWN'S BODY'.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) You were right, old love. You should have stuck to playing soldiers.

HE LEAVES.

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CUT TO:

EXT.FLAT. (EVENING)

CALLAN LEAVES, HEARS LIFT, AND DIVES FOR WINDOW AND OUTSIDE, PULLS DOWN WINDOW. SCHNEIDER AND JENNY WALK UP AFTER LIFT DOOR SLAMMING IS HEARD. CALLAN COMES INTO CORRIDOR.

AFTER THEY RE-ENTER THE FLAT. CLOSE-UP SHOT ON CALLAN. HIS HANDS ARE SHAKING.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT 1.

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ACT TWO

INT. SCHNEIDER'S FLAT. EVENING.

SCHNEIDER BY THE TABLE, LOOKING AT BATTLE SCENE. JENNY WATCHES HIM ANXIOUSLY.

JENNY: Rudi -

SCHNEIDER: Mmmm?

JENNY: Those policemen -

SCHNEIDER: What about them?

JENNY: They know an awful lot about you.

SCHNEIDER: They only know, Liebshen. They can't prove.

JENNY: Suppose they can?

SCHNEIDER: Then they wouldn't come and talk to me.

JENNY: I think we ought to get out of here. Now.

SCHNEIDER STUDIES THE BATTLE.

SCHNEIDER: It is time to attack, not retreat. (HE ARRANGES THE SOLDIERS) One hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

JENNY: What?

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SCHNEIDER: Very soon now. The last delivery. And the biggest. For one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, I think we should be brave - and wait.

JENNY: I still think we should leave here.

SCHNEIDER: We can't. Not the way I have made the deal. But when we do go - we go for good. I promise. By then we will have enough.

JENNY: If anything happens to you - I cculdn't stand it.

SCHNEIDER: Something always happens to me. You knew that when you took me on. But usually it is good things - like you, Jenny.

HE PUTS HIS ARM AROUND HER.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB. NIGHT.

CALLAN'S HANDS HOLDING SCOTCH AND WATER-JUG. HANDS NOW STEADY AS HE POURS.

PULL BACK TO SHOW HIM WITH LONELY.

CALLAN: You haven't bought that soap yet.

LONELY: Mr.Callan, I got a lot to do. What is it you want?

CALLAN: (SLIGHTLY DRUNK) I want you to pay for my scotch.

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LONELY SIGHS AND HANDS MONEY TO BARMAID.

CALLAN: And I want a different gun.

LONELY: What's wrong with the one I got you?

CALLAN: Nothing. It's all right, Lonely. Believe me it's all right.

HE LEANS TOWARDS LONELY, THEN PUSHES HIS FACE AWAY FROM HIM.

CALLAN: Your halitosis is terrible.

LONELY: That's 'cos I'm nervous. Don't speak so loud, will you? What kind of gun d'you want?

CALLAN: (SOFTLY, NOT NEARLY SO DRUNK) Noguchi Magnum 38.

LONELY: Magnum?

CALLAN: Yeah. A bloke once shot a bear with a Magnum, Lonely. I want to see if I can do the same.

LONELY: Might take a day or two.

CALLAN: Twenty-four-hours - and your own gun back, and another fifty quid.

LONELY: C.O.D. ?

CALLAN: Of course. All used notes. Come on Lonely. Remember your Stinkers Oath.

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LONELY: O.K. You'll get it tomorrow.

CALLAN: Fine. You ever seen me shoot? (LONELY SHAKES HIS HEAD) I'm good. Very good. If you don't have a bath I could hit you in the dark. (HE TAPS LONELY'S LIP WITH HIS FINGER) Keep it buttoned. Know what I mean?

HOLD ON LONELY WATCHING AS CALLAN LEAVES.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHNEIDER'S OFFICE. DAY.

DOOR OPENS. CALLAN COMES IN.

CALLAN: (IMITATES SCHNEIDER) This is not very British of you, old man.

CALLAN GOES TO DESK AS HE SPEAKS, THRUSTS KEY DOWN BEHIND CUSHION.

SOUND OF MUSIC OUTSIDE. SALVATION ARMY BAND MARCH PAST.

CALLAN: Save one for me brother (QUITE SERIOUS) Save one for me.

HE GOES OUT, SHUTS DOOR, WHICH LOCKS, THEN HEARS FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS AND GOES INTO HIS OWN OFFICE, TAKES OUT LEDGER, AND BEGINS TO WORK, LIGHTS HALF-SMOKED CIGARETTE IN ASH-TRAY. TAP AT DOOR.

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CALLAN:(SHOUTS) Come in. It isn't locked.

SCHNEIDER ENTERS.

CALLAN: Oh. Sorry Mr.Schneider. I thought it was the caretaker.

SCHNEIDER: Why? Why should I be the caretaker?

CALLAN: I don't usually work on Sunday. I thought he might think I was a burglar or something.

SCHNEIDER: You don't look like a burglar Mr.Callan.

CALLAN: Good burglars never do.

SCHNEIDER LAUGHS.

SCHNEIDER: I like you. You know that? I think I like you very much. I want you to come to my house tonight. (HE LOOKS AT CALLAN WHO SEEMS BEWILDERED) What's the matter? Can't you come?

CALLAN: Oh yes. I'll be very glad to.

SCHNEIDER: I would like it if we could play at soldiers.

CALLAN: Yes. That would be fine.

SCHNEIDER: I'll expect you at nine o'clock then.

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CALLAN: I'll be there.

SCHNEIDER: Fine. Perfect. (HE LAUGHS) There is something you should ask me, Mr.Callan?

CALLAN: Is there?

SCHNEIDER: You should say "Excuse me please, Mr.Schneider, but where do you live?"

CALLAN: Excuse me please, Mr.Schneider, but where do you live?

SCHNEIDER: Flat 10, Eden House, Minton Road, Chelsea. Which battles shall we fight, Mr.Callan?

CALLAN: Talavera?

SCHNEIDER: Good. And the American Civil War?

CALLAN: Let's do the classic.

SCHNEIDER: Gettysburg? (CALLAN NODS) Than please allow me - I shall be Robert E.Lee. And this time - I shall win.

HE GOES OUT. CALLAN TAKES A SHEET OF PAPER AND WRITES: Detective Inspector Pollard, New Scotland Yard.

CUT TO:

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EXT. CALLAN'S FLAT - DAY

MISS BREWIS EMERGES FROM FLAT NEXT DOOR, AND GOES OUT CARRYING HYMN-BOOK. LONELY EMERGES FROM HIDING IN ANGLE OF STAIRS, RINGS CALLAN'S BELL. CALLAN'S DOOR OPENS ON CHAIN, THEN CHAIN IS LOWERED AND CALLAN HOLDS OUT PISTOL AND ENVELOPE.

CALLAN: Got it?

LONELY: Yeah, and thirty rounds.

CALLAN: O.K.

THEY EXCHANGE PARCELS. LONELY BEGINS TO COUNT HIS MONEY. CALLAN WAITS.

LONELY: Just right.

CALLAN: It always is. Here.

LONELY COMES NEARER. CALLAN TAPS HIS LIP WITH HIS FINGER.

CALLAN: Remember?

LONELY: You can trust me, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: I can do better than that, old love. I can kill you.

CALLAN GOES INTO FLAT, CHECKS AND LOADS PISTOL. AS HE DOES SO:

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CALLAN: (V/O) The Japs are coming on. This one'll shoot through boiler-plate - and kill you after it's gone through. And it's accurate Colonel. My God, it's accurate. (BEAT) You shouldn't have sold them Schneider ... you poor bastard.

HE PUTS GUN DOWN, SWITCHES ON TAPE RECORDER.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

MERES APPROACHES CALLAN'S FLAT. LISTENS AT DOOR

CALLAN: (V/O) ... bit of company in the nick. Hunter would do fine. I've told you where to reach him.

INT. CALLAN'S FLAT

CALLAN SWITCHES OFF RECORDER, PICKS UP GUN, GOES TO DOOR AND EXITS. HE IS STRUCK FROM BEHIND. MERES DRAGS CALLAN INTO FLAT, SHUTS DOOR, RUNS BACK TAPE RECORDER, SWITCHES ON.

CALLAN: (V/O) So, Inspector, I am going to kill Schneider with a Noguchi magnum pistol, 38 calibre, number 40786. I'm doing it for Hunter and Hunter's doing it for England, but that won't keep me out of prison. Only I'd like a bit of

CONT./

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CALLAN CONT: company in the nick. Hunter would do fine. I've told you where to reach him.

HIS MESSAGE ENDS. MERES RUNS TAPE BACK TO BEGINNING, ERASING MESSAGE, THEN TURNS ON RADIO. ALAN FREEMAN'S VOICE IS 'HI THERE POP PICKERS'. BEGIN 'PICK OF THE POPS' THEME. MERES PLUGS TAPE INTO RADIO AND SWITCHES ON, THEN LEAVES. C.U. CALLAN OUT COLD.

CUT TO:

INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE - DAY

HUNTER WITH MERES.

HUNTER: It was all on tape?

MERES: Everything, sir. A complete record. A kind of letter 'to be opened in the event of'. I erased it, of course.

HUNTER: Do you think he'll do it?

MERES: I don't know, sir. He'll go there, I think. He's got the gun - a Noguchi.

HUNTER: D'you think he's being ironic?

MERES: Yes sir. Whether he'll use it or not - he seemed to be rather in favour of Schneider.

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HUNTER: I was afraid he might be. That's why I didn't want him to get too close. I think you'd better be on hand, don't you? In case Callan changes his mind?

MERES: (SMILES) Thank you, sir. I'd like to see the thing through to the finish.

HUNTER: Right. Go and get some rest. And Meres - stay in the background.

MERES: Very good, sir.

HE LEAVES. HUNTER PRESSES DICTAPHONE.

HUNTER: Get me Superintendent McIvor.

HE LOOKS AT THE SCHNEIDER FILE, PHOTOGRAPH OF SCHNEIDER LAUGHING. HUNTER DRAWS A CIRCLE IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS FOREHEAD. PHONE RINGS.

WOMAN'S VOICE: Superintendent McIvor, sir.

HUNTER: Put him on. Hello? I think you'd better send those chaps round to see Schneider again. Yes tonight. About eleven.

MIX TO:

INT. CALLAN'S FLAT - EVENING.

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CALLAN IS STILL UNCONSCIOUS. RADIO PLAYS SUNDAY EVENING PROGRAMME - E.G. 'SING SOMETHING SIMPLE'. CALLAN GROANS, GETS TO HIS FEET, STAGGERS OVER TO CURTAINED-OFF SINK, WASHES FACE AND HEAD, DRINKS WATER. PHONE RINGS.

CALLAN: Callan.

WOMAN'S VCICE: Charlie would like to speak to you.

CALLAN: O.K. Hey?

WOMAN'S VOICE: Yes?

CALLAN: I'm sober now, love. (BEAT)

HUNTER'S VOICE: Feeling better?

CALLAN: Yes. He didn't hit me in a vital spot. (RUBS HIS HEAD)

HUNTER'S VOICE: You were very foolish, what made you do it?

CALLAN: I thought a lot about this one, so I put it all down. I thought it might come in handy for my psychiatrist when I go barmy.

HUNTER'S VOICE: You wanted a record - to use against us if you were caught.

CALLAN: Maybe.

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HUNTER'S VOICE: That was stupid. I don't exist, Callan. Nor does the man who hit you. The police would never find us - even if they believed you - you should know that.

CALLAN: I know it.

HUNTER'S VOICE: Did you leave any more little souvenirs?

CALLAN: Just a note in my office. I told the bogeys to play the tape.

HUNTER'S VOICE: We destroyed that too.

CALLAN: I should have known.

HUNTER'S VOICE: Of course you should. You've been watched all the time. Trying to cheat us was just so much wasted energy.

CALLAN: I'll remember that.

HUNTER'S VOICE: I wish you would. It would save us so much time ... Head hurt?

CALLAN: I'll live.

HIS HANDS ARE SHAKING.

CUT TO:

INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE - DAY

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HUNTER AT PHONE WITH MERES, WHO SMILES.

HUNTER: Can you do the job?

CALLAN'S VOICE: Yes.

HUNTER: Eleven o'clock?

CALLAN'S VOICE: Yes.

HUNTER: Your gun all right?

CALLAN: Yes.

HUNTER: You're sure?

CALLAN: It'll just about blast him in two.

HUNTER: I see. (BEAT) Let Charlie know when you've done it, won't you.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHNEIDER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SCHNEIDER, CALLAN AND JENNY (SCHNEIDER'S GIRL) ARE HAVING DRINKS TOGETHER. ON THE BIG TABLE IS THE REMAINS OF TALAVERA, WITH THE FRENCH PULLING OUT AND WELLINGTON'S MEN HOLDING THE FIELD. MANY SOLDIERS OVERTURNED.

SCHNEIDER: This young man has forced me to see the truth once again, my dear.

JENNY: It won't last.

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SCHNEIDER: Now you're teasing me again. I'm obliged to you. I like it. Come. (HE WALKS OVER TO THE TABLE, ARM ROUND HER SHOULDERS) Look. Here is the Duke of Wellington's army. Here is the Duke of Wellington. (INDICATES CALLAN) See how pale he looks after his great victory.

CALLAN: I'm sorry. I think I'm starting a cold.

SCHNEIDER: More whisky, then.

HE TAKES CALLAN'S GLASS, POURS WHISKY, TALKING AS HE DOES SO. CALLAN TAKES GLASS, ADDS WATER FROM JUG ON DRINKS TRAY, REJOINS GROUP.

SCHNEIDER: I am a Marshall of France - Marmont, friend of Napoleon, military expert, child of the revolution. It is my good fortune to obliterate the one remaining British army, and make my emperor master of Europe. I have courage, skill, first-rate troops, and I am a fool. I fail to see the obvious.

JENNY: (LOOKS UP AT HIM) Doesn't sound like you.

SCHNEIDER: Now we talk of war, my dear. In love, Marmont was different also. I fail to see that if Wellington disposes his troops as he has done, and those troops stay where they are, I cannot win. Not even a hundred and sixty years later. I am brilliant - I admit it -

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JENNY: Well, good for you.

SCHNEIDER: But Wellington is a genius. (HE BOWS TO CALLAN) I salute him.

JENNY: He goes on like that all the time.

CALLAN: Not when he's fighting.

JENNY: Well he likes to win you see.

CALLAN: That's what I like about him.

SCHNEIDER: I would be so very much obliged if you would not discuss me as if I were dead.

JENNY LAUGHS.

JENNY: I don't think you'll ever die. They'll have to shoot you.

SCHNEIDER: They?

CALLAN: Idiomatic expression.

SCHNEIDER: (LAUGHS) That is worse than Wellington's defence in line.

JENNY: (TO SCHNEIDER) Mr. Callan really beat you?

SCHNEIDER: He did.

JENNY: You must be good.

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CALLAN: Not me, Wellington. As Mr. Schmeider says: I did what he did, and I couldn't lose.

JENNY: I didn't know anyone could stop Rudi. (SCHNEIDER PUTS HIS ARM ROUND HER SHOULDERS) I still think you must be good.

CALLAN: Thanks.

SCHNEIDER: Next time he will lose. Next time it will be the Battle of Gettysburg, and I shall be Robert E. Lee. (HE BEGINS TO SING DIXIE AS HE PUTS AWAY TALAVERA, BRINGS OUT CIVIL WAR SOLDIERS.) Now where did I put the Confederate Cavalry?

CALLAN: Aren't they in the chest? (SCHNEIDER LOOKS AT HIM) You haven't left them out there.

SCHNEIDER: Forgive me, Mr. Callan, but why should you think my chest contained soldiers?

CALLAN: But it couldn't hold anything else. I've got one in my flat just like it. Not nearly so big though. I wish it was

SCHNEIDER: You must acquire ambition, Mr. Callan. Become a bourgeois.

HE TAKES CONFEDERATE CAVALRY FROM CHEST, SETS UP TERRAIN FOR GETTYSBURG.

JENNY: Did Lee win that one - for real I mean?

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CALLAN: No.

JENNY: (SOFTLY) Don't be too much of a genius, will you?

CUT TO:

INT. SCHNEIDER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MERES SLOWLY HAULS HIMSELF ONTO OUTSIDE OF WINDOW LEDGE, FIXES SUCKER TO PANE, BEGINS TO CUT NEAR LATCH WITH DIAMOND CUTTER.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHNEIDER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG BEGINS. SERIES OF SHOTS OF THE MODELS AS THE TWO ARMIES ENGAGE. OFFICERS WITH DRAWN SWORDS, LINES OF INFANTRY, CHARGING CAVALRY, ARTILLERY. STANDARD BEARERS OF BOTH SIDES. BATTLE NOISES IN B.G. BUILD UP OF TENSION SHOWING SCHNEIDER AT FIRST RELAXED, THEN MORE AND MORE WORRIED. REBEL YELLS, SCREECH OF CANNON, THEN CONFEDERATE INFANTRY FALL. BATTLE NOISES VERY LOUD.
JENNY'S VOICE SOFT AT FIRST, THEN LOUDER, LOUDER.

JENNY: Rudi! Rudi!

PULL BACK FROM TABLE TO SHOW JENNY IN ROOM WEARING ROBE, AND THE THREE HUMANS LIKE GULLIVERS DOMINATING THE LILLIPUTIAN BATTLE.

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SCHNEIDER: I'm sorry, my dear. Even Robert E. Lee had his problems. What can I do for you?

JENNY: There are two men to see you. Mr. Pollard and Mr. Grace.

SCHNEIDER: It's rather inconvenient. Pickett's division is about to charge. The South is going to win the war.

CALLAN: Maybe.

JENNY: They say it's urgent.

SCHNEIDER: (LOOKS AT WATCH) It must be. It's ten past eleven. Excuse me please. (HE GOES TO DOOR AND TURNS TO CALLAN) No cheating.

CALLAN: Scout's honour.

SCHNEIDER LAUGHS AND GOES OUT.

JENNY: (LOOKS AT BATTLE) Will he win?

CALLAN: He can't.

JENNY: Why not?

CALLAN: (TURNS TO TABLE) Well you see my ... (BEAT) No, ma'am. I recognise a beautiful Confederate spy when I see one. I'll tell you after the battle. (SHE TURNS AWAY) It's only a game, you know. They play it at Staff Colleges. Teaches them how to be Napoleon - or Robert E.Lee.

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JENNY: Were you at staff college?

CALLAN: No.

JENNY: Rudi was at Potsdam. They said he was brilliant. When the war ended ...

CALLAN: It's better with models. They don't bleed.

CUT TO.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

JENNY: (V/O) I didn't mean (BEAT) Can't you let him win? Winning's important to him.

CALLAN: (V/O) It's important to both of us.

MERES OVERHEARS THIS CONVERSATION AS HE FINISHES BREAKING INTO BEDROOM AND MOVES TOWARDS DOOR.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JENNY: I'm going to bed. Goodnight, Mr. Callan.

SHE GOES TO BEDROOM, OPENS DOOR AND IS SLUGGED BY MERES. CALLAN HEARS THUD AS SHE FALLS. HE GOES TO BEDROOM DOOR, LOCKS IT. HANDLE TURNS.

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CALLAN: (SOFTLY) Get lost.

MERES: (V/O) It's eleven fifteen Callan. Time this was finished with.

CALLAN: You must be joking. He's got two rozzers with him. Tell Hunter the deal's off.

MERES: He won't like that.

CALLAN: And I don't like being cheated. If I'd shot him on time I'd have been nicked - and Hunter knew it.

MERES: He has to die Callan. (NO ANSWER) Callan, you hear me? Callan?

CALLAN GOES TO HALL DOOR, OPENS IT, CROSSES TO STUDY DOOR, LISTENS.

SCHNEIDER (V/O) We have been through all this before, gentlemen.

POLLARD (V/O) I think we should go through it all again.

SCHNEIDER (V/O) I do not. It's late and I have a guest.

POLLARD (V/O) Mind telling us his name, sir?

SCHNEIDER:(V/O) Yes, I do mind. Nor did I say it was a man.

CALLAN RELAXES, GOES BACK TO TABLE. HE IS ONCE MORE ABSORBED IN GETTYSBURG WHEN SCHNEIDER COMES IN.

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SCHNEIDER: Where's Jenny?

CALLAN: She's gone to bed.

SCHNEIDER: Then the battle may resume. War makes Jenny tired, Mr. Callan. She is very female.

HE BEGINS TO MASS CONFEDERATE INFANTRY TOGETHER.

CALLAN: She is indeed. You're a lucky man.

SCHNEIDER: Lucky in love. In war - I am not so sure.

HE STUDIES BATTLE.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

MERES, SWIFT AND SILENT, UNSCREWING LOCK. HE LOOKS BACK OVER SHOULDER AT JENNY, STILL UNCONSCIOUS, AND GRINS.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SCHNEIDER PUSHES MASSED GREY INFANTRY FORWARD. THE GESTURE IS THAT OF A GAMBLER PUSHING CHIPS ON THE BOARD.

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SCHNEIDER: You leave me no choice. You are a very clever young man. If I do not risk everything, I lost anyway. And so - Pickett's division must charge - and take the hill.

CALLAN: Little Round Top? You can't Mr. Schneider. You made the same mistake as Lee. You left it too late. Meade had all the time in the world to mass his artillery. Look at them.

CAMERA CUTS FROM GROUP TO GROUP OS ARTILLERY SQUADRONS. SOUND OF CANNON BEING LOADED.

CALLAN: All he had to do was wait till the Rebs were in range, then fire, and send in his cavalry. Here - and here - and here.

(CAMERA FOLLOWS AS HE POINTS TO HORSEMEN. BACKGROUND NOISE OF JINGLING EQUIPMENT, HORSES WHINNYING SOFTLY)

Pickett's division was chopped to bits. It will be again.

SCHNEIDER SIGHS.

SCHNEIDER: In war I am not so lucky. But I can still do something that Lee did not do. (HE LEANS OVER TABLE AND PULLS BACK TROOPS) I can withdraw Mr. Callan. The field of honour is yours. The war is over, and now we can drink.

HE POURS GALLAN A DRINK, HANDS IT TO HIM.

CUT TO:

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

MERES REMOVING LOCK. JENNY STIRS AND GROANS. MERES LOOKS BACK AT HER. LOCK FALLS, MAKES NOISE. MERES FREEZES.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SCHNEIDER PRODUCES A GUN, POINTS IT AT CALLAN.

SCHNEIDER: You will be still.

CALLAN: What on earth ...

SCHNEIDER MOVES UP TO HIM, BEGINS TO SEARCH HIM. NO GUN.

SCHNEIDER: (POINTS GUN AT CALLAN) Someone has broken into my house.

CALLAN: No, it'll be Jenny.

SCHNEIDER: It may not be. I like to be sure, Mr. Callan. Let us hope you are not involved in this. Not a sound. I will hurt you if you make a sound. If I'm wrong I will apologise. (LOUDLY) One more battle, Mr. Callan. Armageddon perhaps? (HE GOES SOFTLY TO BEDROOM DOOR. KICKS IT OPEN. HOLDS GUN ON MERES) Good evening. (HE SEES JENNY ON FLOOR. MERES TENSES) I hope very much you haven't killed her.

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MERES: She's unconscious, that's all.

SCHNEIDER: It may be you will think her fortunate.

MERES IS ABOUT TO MOVE

CALLAN: Watch it.

SCHNEIDER: Come in very slowly.

MERES OBEYS HIM. SCHNEIDER MOVES A LITTLE TOWARDS HIM, AWAY FROM CALLAN.

CALLAN: He's with me. I got him the combination of your safe too.

SCHNEIDER: That wasn't very nice, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: I'm not a very nice feller.

CALLAN, BEHIND THE SETTEE, PULLS UP HIS TROUSER LEG AS HE TALKS. THE NOGUCHI IS TAPED TO HIS LEG.

SCHNEIDER: I find it strange that you don't have a gun also.

CALLAN: My mate's the heavy.

SCHNEIDER MOVES TOWARDS MERES. AS HE DOES SO, CALLAN PULLS THE TAPE FROM HIS LEG, GRIMACING AT THE PAIN. SCHNEIDER REMOVES MERE'S GUN.

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SCHNEIDER: (NOT LOOKING AT CALLAN)
Stand up, Mr. Callan.
(CALLAN RISES. HIS GUN IS BELOW THE LEVEL OF THE SOFA)
Two of you. One with a gun. I find you burgling my safe, you attack me and kill me. Is that the story?

MERES: You knew you had to die, Schneider.

SCHNEIDER: Your police were on to me. Surely your chief knew that?

MERES: They had no proof.

SCHNEIDER: But the man who sent you two - he had proof?

MERES: He knows enough to kill you.

SCHNEIDER: And I kill you. Both of you. You gave your warning too late, Mr. Callan.
(MERES TENSES AS SCHNEIDER AIMS AT HIM)
I'm really very sorry.

CALLAN: Me too.

AS SCHNEIDER BEGINS TO TURN CALLAN FIRES. THE IMPACT OF THE MAGNUM GUN IS TREMENDOUS. SCHNEIDER FALLS AS IF HE HAS BEEN THROWN. CALLAN STANDS MOTIONLESS, LOOKING AT THE BODY.

MERES: My God you took your time about it. (CALLAN DOESN'T MOVE)
Are you all right?

CALLAN: I'm fine.

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MERES: You're supposed to open the safe.

MERES: Someone must have heard that shot ...

CALLAN: This is the pent-house, mate. Costs fifty quid a week. It's sound-proofed.

MERES: All right. Get on with it. But be quick. (BEAT) I'd better take a look at the girl.

HE MOVES TOWARDS THE BEDROOM DOOR.

CALLAN: Just a minute. Were you the one who coshed me?

MERES: Sorry about that old man. No hard feelings, I hope?

HE TURNS AWAY. CALLAN HITS HIM WITH THE GUN BARREL.

CALLAN: No hard feelings.

HE TAKES MERE'S GUN, THEN WIPES THE NOGUCHI AND PRESSES IT INTO MERE'S HAND. HE OPENS THE SAFE AND IS TAKING OUT MONEY WHEN HE HEARS A NOISE FROM THE BEDROOM. HE HOLDS MERE'S GUN AND THROWS THE DOOR OPEN. JENNY STANDS IN THE DOORWAY, SWAYING, HOLDING ONTO THE DOOR FRAME. SHE IS TERRIFIED. SHE SEES SCHNEIDER.

CALLAN: He's dead. (SHE NODS) He had to die, Jenny.

JENNY: You Killed him?

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CALLAN: Yes.

JENNY: That's three times you beat him. I should have known.

CALLAN: Were you mixed up in his business?

JENNY: Yes.

CALLAN CROSSES TO HER. GIVES HER THE MONEY.

CALLAN: You better start running.

SHE TAKES MONEY, GETS UP.

JENNY: I hate you. If I could kill you I would.

CALLAN: All right, I'll remember. Now get.

SHE GOES. CALLAN TAKES A DRINK, GOES TO TABLE, LOOKS AT CONFEDERATES IN FULL RETREAT.

FADE TO:

INT PHONE BOX - NIGHT

CALLAN DIALS NUMBER.

WOMAN'S VOICE: Yes?

CALLAN: This is Callan. I've been at the meths again. Let me talk to Charlie.

HUNTER (V/O) I'm here.

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CALLAN: Red passed away. Suddenly. At home. After the police left ...

HUNTER (V/O) Ah! I'm sorry about that.

CALLAN: You should be. That public school Capone you sent after me is still with him.

HUNTER: That's not important. You could get him out, I suppose?

CALLAN: Yes.

HUNTER: Fine. Go and collect him and bring him back here. I think he'd better work under you for a bit. He's got a lot to learn.

CALLAN: No.

HUNTER: Oh, come now, Callan. He merely obeyed orders.

CALLAN: I mean, no I won't get him out. I'm not going to work for you Hunter. It may sound naive and all that, but I hate you. And I liked Schneider.

HE HANGS UP. DIALS 999.

OPERATOR'S VOICE: Emergency. Which service do you require please?

CALLAN: Police.

CUT TO:

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INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

HUNTER PRESSES DICTAPHONE.

WOMAN'S VOICE: Yes, sir?

HUNTER: Have you got Callan's file there?

WOMAN'S VOICE: Yes, sir.

HUNTER: It's in a yellow cover, isn't it?

WOMAN'S VOICE: Just a moment - yellow, yes sir.

HUNTER: Change that for a red one, please.

SUPERIMPOSE END CREDITS.

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